MISS Wonderful
Pictures Mr.P.Jones/Words Miss P. M.Langridge
TELEPHONE
BT
LONDON, 2024: A PARTY OF SCHOOLGIRLS IS BEING CONDUCTED ROUND ONE OF OUR GREAT MUSEUMS.
HERE IS A TELEPHONE BOOTH OF THE LATE 20TH CENTURY. NOTE THE DELIBERATE UGLINESS, THE IMPLIED INSOLENCE TO THE USER.....
TELEPHONE
DID THEY REALLY ALLOW THINGS LIKE THAT ON THE STREETS?
OH, YES. I'VE SEEN A PHOTOPLAY. AND YOU SHOULD SEE THE WAY THEY DRESSED!

THIS IS THE STAR OF AFRICA BROUGHT BACK BY COL. ANSTRUTHER FROM OUR NEW COLONY OF BRITISH SIMBALAND. THE CURATOR HAS KINDLY ALLOWED US TO TAKE IT OUT OF ITS UNBREAKABLE CASE..
I WONDER IF YOU WOULD LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT THAT.
CERTAINLY NOT GIRL! WHO ARE YOU AND WHY ARE YOU DRESSED IN THAT OUTLANDISH MANNER?
MY NAME IS SPINNING JENNY. —I SPIN!
HUMMMMMMMM
MMMMMMMM
SUDDENLY THE STRANGE GIRL BEGINS SPINNING LIKE A TOP EMITTING A STRANGE HUMMING SOUND WHICH HAS A STRANGE EFFECT ON ALL PRESENT!

EVERYONE SEEMS FROZEN LIKE STATUES .. EXCEPT ME OF COURSE. IF I CAN ONLY JUST SLIP INTO THIS OLD POLICE TELEPHONE BOX AND CHANGE MY CLOTHES!
LEPHONE
EE
SE OF
BLIC.
MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM
MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM
NOW, IF I MAY JUST TAKE THIS. YOU CANNOT HEAR ME? OH WELL I SHALL TAKE IT ANYWAY.
I THINK YOU HAD BETTER GIVE THAT TO ME.
AH, MISS WONDERFUL! I HAVE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOU!
GIANT UMBRELLA USED BY THE PELICAN

WHY, YOU ARE HARDLY OLDER THAN I. YOU DO NOT WANT TO SET OUT ON A LIFE OF CRIME. DO YOU?
WOULD IT DISAPPOINT YOU TERRIBLY IF I TELL YOU THAT IS JUST WHAT I DO WANT? MUST FLY!
EXTENDING HER ARMS LIKE THE BLADES OF A HELICOPTER, SPINNING JENNY RISES FROM THE GROUND
POLICE PUBLIC CALL
MUST STOP HER BEFORE SHE REACHES THAT GLASS SKYLIGHT.
CRASH
TOO LATE! SHE HAS SMASHED THROUGH IT! GLASS SHARDS ARE FLYING EVERYWHERE! MISS RAPP AND THE GIRLS CANNOT EVEN TAKE COVER! THEY WILL BE CUT TO PIECES! WHAT CAN I DO?
MISS WONDERFUL HAS BUT ONE SECOND TO PREVENT A HORRIBLE TRAGEDY! CAN SHE DO IT? DON'T MISS THE NEXT EXCITING EPISODE OF MISS WONDERFUL!

BLONDE BOMBSHELL

Blonde Bombshell Comics, *Presents* St. Bride's, Burtonport, County Donegal.

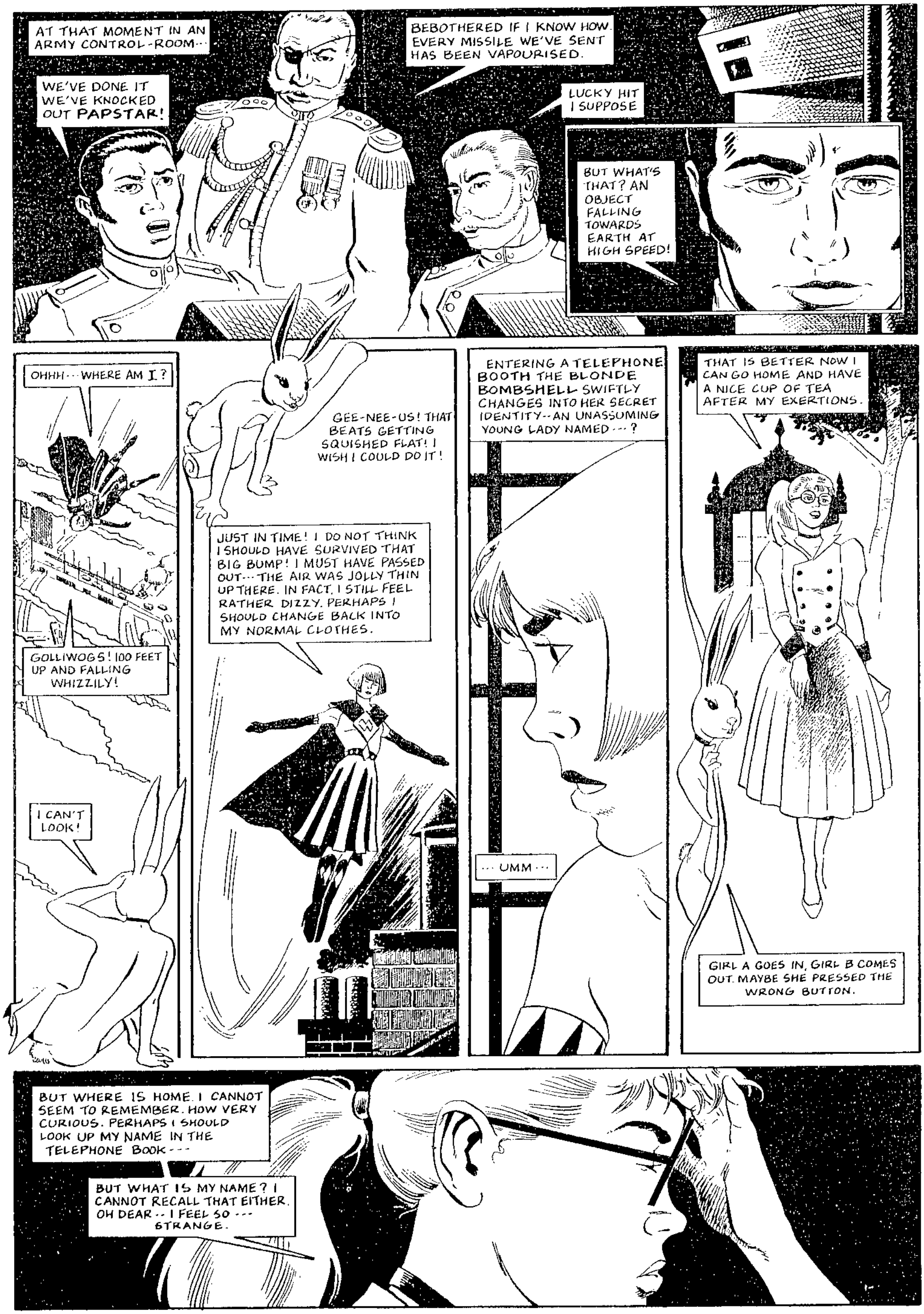
MISS WONDERFUL

MISS WONDERFUL! BUT I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T EXIST. THEY SAY PEOPLE IMAGINE YOU OR MAKE YOU UP. THEY SAY YOU ARE A SORT OF CRAZE LIKE FLYING SAUCERS
WELL, I HAVE ALWAYS BELIEVED IN ME. BUT PERHAPS I AM PREJUDICED. I ADMIT THERE IS NO NATURAL EXPLANATION FOR ME.
WELL YOU JOLLY WELL SAVED MY LIFE
TRY TO BE MORE CAREFUL WITH IT IN FUTURE.
IT WAS HARDLY MY FAULT. THERE IS SOME DREADFUL WOMAN UP THERE THROWING PERCUSSION BOMBS ABOUT. I WAS THROWN OVER THE PARAPET.
OH, YOU SHOULD HAVE SAID SO BEFORE. THIS IS A JOB FOR…
…MISS WONDERFUL
IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE, THE BLONDE BOMBSHELL SOARS TOWARD THE TOP OF THE TOWER.
ON THE HIGHEST BALCONY OF THE POST OFFICE TOWER A FASHIONABLE PARTY IS BEING RUDELY INTERRUPTED BY A BIZARRE FIGURE.
LET THE DEATH OF THAT YOUNG MAN TEACH YOU THE POWER OF THE FLAPPER
LIFE AND DEATH ARE MY PLAYTHINGS! ROBBERY MY EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT! I AM THE BRIGHT YOUNG THING OF CRIME! JUST HAND YOUR VALUABLES TO MY SERVANTS AND NOBODY ELSE WILL BE HURT!
REALLY, I AM SORRY TO SEE SUCH A PRETTY, WELL-SPOKEN GIRL EMBRACING A LIFE OF CRIME.
MISS WONDERFUL! I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST A FAIRY TALE! WELL, I AM SORRY TO SEE SUCH A STYLISH YOUNG THING PLAYING THE GOODY-GOODY
YOU SHOCK ME
SWIFTLY, THE FLAPPER PLUCKS A CAREFULLY SELECTED BEAD FROM ONE OF THE MANY STRINGS WHICH ADORN HER….
…AND HURLS IT DIRECTLY AT MISS WONDERFUL.
THIS WILL SHOCK YOU MORE, GOODY TWO-SHOES!
KA-BOOM
WHAT A SILLY LITTLE EXPLOSION! I HAVE SEEN BETTER FROM A CHRISTMAS CRACKER!

MOVING AT BLINDING SPEED, MISS WONDERFUL TIGHTLY BINDS THE FLAPPER'S HEINOUS HENCHMAIDS.
I WONDER HOW MUCH LOOT YOUR SERVANTS CAN CARRY WHEN I HAVE TIED THEM UP WITH THEIR OWN APRON-STRINGS!
YOU THINK YOU CAN CATCH ME MISS WONDERFUL? SEE IF YOU CAN CATCH THIS!
APPLESTRUDEL! THAT BEAD IS GROWING TO THE SIZE OF A METEORITE! I MUST CATCH IT BEFORE IT CRUSHES THESE PEOPLE!
INSTANTLY THE PRETTY POWERHOUSE STREAKS UPWARD CATCHING THE MASSIVE BEAD IN HER DECEPTIVELY DELICATE HANDS
GOLLIWOGS! IT WEIGHS A PURPLE TON! WHERE SHALL I PUT IT?
EVER RESOURCEFUL, THE CHARMING CHAMPION FINDS THE SOLUTION TO HER PROBLEM
THUNK
WHEW! SHE'S SAVED US.
HOW CAN THEY SAY SHE DOES NOT EXIST?
GREEN GOLDFISH! I AM NOT SORRY TO PUT THAT HEAVY THING DOWN! I SEE THAT THE NAUGHTY OLD FLAPPER HAS MADE HER GETAWAY. BUT SHE IS RECKONING WITHOUT MY WONDER-SPEED
LIKE A STREAK OF BLONDE LIGHTNING MISS WONDERFUL OVERTAKES THE STRANGE AIRBORNE GETAWAY CRAFT.
YOU HAD BEST SURRENDER, FLAPPER, FOR YOU CAN NEVER OUTRUN MISS WONDERFUL!
SURRENDER, MY CHILD? BUT THE NIGHT IS YOUNG AND THE FUN HAS ONLY JUST STARTED!
HOW PERFECT SHE IS, THIS HONOUR-BRIGHT CHILD; AND HOW SHE ADDS THE SPICE OF EXCITEMENT TO MY GAME OF ROULETTE. A PITY SHE IS -
--NO REAL MATCH FOR ME.
AS THE BEADED BURGLARETTE THROWS HER PEARLY MISSILE, MISS WONDERFUL FINDS HERSELF ENCLOSED IN A DIAMOND-LIKE BUBBLE OF SOME UNEARTHLY SUBSTANCE.
DO YOU REALLY THINK THIS SPHERE WILL HOLD ME? I WILL SHATTER IT AT ONCE
WHAT A DESTRUCTIVE CHILD! PERHAPS THERE IS HOPE FOR YOU YET. BUT YOU WILL FIND BREAKING YOUR CRYSTAL CAGE A LITTLE HARDER THAN YOU IMAGINE MY LITTLE WINGLESS BIRD.
AND AS MISS WONDERFUL ATTEMPTS TO FREE HER-SELF FROM HER GLITTERING PRISON....
SHE IS RIGHT! I CANNOT GET A GRIP ON THE SMOOTH, ROUND, SURFACE, AND WHEN I TRY TO FLY AT IT, IT JUST FLIES WITH ME!
HOW VERY FETCHING! AH ME I COULD WATCH MY LITTLE PRISONER FOR HOURS, BUT I MUST BE ABOUT MY BUSINESS, I FEAR
OH DEAR! SHE IS ESCAPING! WHAT CAN I DO?
READER: CAN YOU SOLVE THIS PROBLEM?

"OF COURSE! SINCE THE SPHERE MOVES WITH ME, I AM NOT REALLY TRAPPED AT ALL. THERE IS NOTHING TO STOP ME FOLLOWING THE FLAPPER ------ AND RAMMING HER!"
DO NOT BE ALARMED. I WILL SAVE YOU.
IN EXACTLY TWENTY SECONDS, MISS WONDERFUL, THIS ATOMIC BEAD WILL DETONATE, DESTROYING THE ENTIRE CITY OF LONDON.
TINKERBELL! AN ATOM BOMB! THAT IS WHAT THOSE TWENTIETH-CENTURY TYPES USED TO GET SO UPSET ABOUT! I'D BETTER WHIZZ!
WHAT A MAROON, MA'AM.
SILENCE CHILD.
DRAWING ON EVERY OUNCE OF HER WONDER SPEED, MISS WONDERFUL SOARS TO THE VERY EDGE OF THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE.
I WILL THROW THIS BEASTLY THING INTO OUTER SPACE, WHERE IT WILL ONLY BLOW UP THAT ILLEGAL TELEVISION SATELLITE.
BUT WHILE THE LARGE BEAD, PROPELLED BY MISS WONDERFUL'S WONDER STRENGTH, SHATTERS THE ILLEGAL SATELLITE, THE ATOMIC EXPLOSION IS NOTABLE BY ITS ABSENCE.
I SAY! IT DIDN'T EXPLODE. IT WAS A SWINDLE!
PERHAPS THE FLAPPER IS NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.
BUT OF COURSE SHE IS. SHE NEARLY KILLED A MAN. AT LEAST SHE GOT AWAY WITHOUT HER LOOT, SO I THINK WE CAN CALL THIS A DRAWN MATCH.
I WONDER WHERE SHE WILL STRIKE NEXT. I IMAGINE I AM SUPPOSED TO FIND SOME BRILLIANT WAY OF WORKING THAT OUT.
OH DEAR! I HAVE NOT THE FAINTEST IDEA HOW TO DO IT. I WISH THIS WERE A COMIC STRIP: THEY ALWAYS MAKE IT SEEM SO EASY AND··· WHAT IS THAT?!
WITHOUT WARNING THE CUTE CRUSADER FINDS HERSELF SURROUNDED BY POWERFUL ENGINES OF DEATH!
ROBOT DEATH-SHIPS! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN SET BY THE TELEVISION COMPANIES TO GUARD THEIR SATELLITES! I DO NOT THINK I AM STRONG ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND THE DEATH-RAYS OF A FULLY-ARMED SPACE SHIP
FAR LESS THREE!
WILL THE BOBBED BOMBSHELL MEET HER DEATH IN THE UPPER STRATOSPHERE? WILL THE FLAPPER CONTINUE HER REIGN OF TERROR? AND WHO IS MISS WONDERFUL IN ANY CASE? NO OTHER COMIC WILL TELL YOU, SO BE HERE FOR THE NEXT EXCITING EDITION OF MISS WONDERFUL

BLONDE • BOMBSHELL •
BLONDE BOMBSHELL COMICS
Blonde Bombshell Comics, Presents St. Bride's, Burtonport, County Donegal.
MISS WONDERFUL
ATTACKED BY THREE ROBOT DEATH-SHIPS AT THE VERY EDGE OF EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE, MISS WONDERFUL IS ALARMED TO SEE A GIGANTIC BEHEMOTH OF SPACE SAIL INTO VIEW.
THAT HUGE SATELLITE --- IT IS PAPSTAR THE LARGEST OF ALL THE ILLEGAL TELEVISION SATELLITES. NO WONDER THESE SHIPS ARE ATTACKING ME. THEY PROBABLY THINK PAPSTAR IS UNDER A MISSILE ATTACK.
YEEP! HOW DID I GET UP HERE?
IN FACT, IT IS.
A HIGH-EXPLOSIVE MISSILE STREAKS TOWARD PAPSTAR. MANY GOVERNMENTS HAVE TRIED TO DESTROY THIS GIGANTIC PURVEYOR OF BOOTLEG BROADCASTS.
ALL HAVE FAILED.
NO WONDER NO ONE CAN DESTROY THAT PIRATE SATELLITE! THE MISSILE WAS VAPOURISED INTO THIN AIR! AND I MAY BE NEXT IF I DO NOT MOVE QUICKLY!
MOUNTING ONE OF THE ROBOT-SHIPS LIKE A GREAT IRON STEED THE CUTE CRUSADER ATTEMPTS TO TURN THE ENEMY'S WEAPON AGAINST HIM!
IF I CAN JUST TURN THIS SHIP SO THAT ITS RAY-CANNON HITS THE OTHERS ···
IT IS NOT WORKING! THE SHIP MUST BE PROGRAMMED NOT TO FIRE IN THE DIRECTION OF THE OTHER ROBOT-SHIPS OR THE SATELLITE -- AND THEY ARE NOT FIRING AT ME EITHER! --- WHICH GIVES ME AN IDEA.
THE BLONDE BOMBSHELL HURLS THE ROBOT-SHIP INTO OUTER SPACE ON A COLLISION COURSE WITH THE PIRATE SATELLITE IT WAS DESIGNED TO PROTECT AND ACROSS THE WORLD A MILLION TELEVISION SCREENS BLACK OUT.
I HAVE DISCOVERED THE ONE MISSILE WHICH CAN DESTROY PAPSTAR!


AT THAT MOMENT IN AN ARMY CONTROL-ROOM···
WE'VE DONE IT WE'VE KNOCKED OUT PAPSTAR!
BEBOTHERED IF I KNOW HOW. EVERY MISSILE WE'VE SENT HAS BEEN VAPOURISED.
LUCKY HIT I SUPPOSE
BUT WHAT'S THAT? AN OBJECT FALLING TOWARDS EARTH AT HIGH SPEED!
OHHH···WHERE AM I?
GOLLIWOGS! 100 FEET UP AND FALLING WHIZZILY!
I CAN'T LOOK!
GEE-NEE-US! THAT BEATS GETTING SQUISHED FLAT! I WISH I COULD DO IT!
JUST IN TIME! I DO NOT THINK I SHOULD HAVE SURVIVED THAT BIG BUMP! I MUST HAVE PASSED OUT···THE AIR WAS JOLLY THIN UP THERE. IN FACT, I STILL FEEL RATHER DIZZY. PERHAPS I SHOULD CHANGE BACK INTO MY NORMAL CLOTHES.
ENTERING A TELEPHONE BOOTH THE BLONDE BOMBSHELL SWIFTLY CHANGES INTO HER SECRET IDENTITY--AN UNASSUMING YOUNG LADY NAMED···?
···UMM···
THAT IS BETTER NOW I CAN GO HOME AND HAVE A NICE CUP OF TEA AFTER MY EXERTIONS.
GIRL A GOES IN, GIRL B COMES OUT. MAYBE SHE PRESSED THE WRONG BUTTON.
BUT WHERE IS HOME. I CANNOT SEEM TO REMEMBER. HOW VERY CURIOUS. PERHAPS I SHOULD LOOK UP MY NAME IN THE TELEPHONE BOOK···
BUT WHAT IS MY NAME? I CANNOT RECALL THAT EITHER. OH DEAR··I FEEL SO··· STRANGE.

DINKYDOO! KINDA DRAMATIC, AIN'T IT?
OUR HEROINE AWAKES IN STRANGE SURROUNDINGS.
WHERE AM I ?
DON'T STRAIN YOURSELF DUCKS. YOU JUST PASSED CLEAN OUT IN THE STREET. WE BROUGHT YOU BACK HERE.
THANK YOU SO MUCH.
DOESN'T SHE TALK NICELY? JUST LIKE THE GIRLS ON THE WIRELESS.
YES -- MUCH BETTER THAN THE AWFUL TYPES ON YOUR TELEVISION. I'M GLAD IT WENT BLANK.
I SAY WHAT IS THIS STUFF? TASTES LIKE COMIC-STRIP.
NOW I GET IT. THIS IS A COMIC
STRIP. WOLLYGOGS. WHAT A COME DOWN.
K YOU AGAIN HOME NOW
ODBYE DEAR AND CARE OF YOURSELF.
NO MUSIC, NO ANIMATION, NO SOUND-EFFECTS. NOT EVEN ANY COLOUR THIS IS TERRIBLE.

I'DA BIN AT 'OME WATCHIN "MURDER YOUR MUVVER" IF THE SWININ' TOOB 'ADN'T O'GORN BLANK.
DID YOURN GO BLANK? SO DID MINE.
THE TROUBLE IS, I STILL DO NOT KNOW WHERE "HOME" IS.
SUDDENLY OUR HEROINE FINDS HERSELF SURROUNDED BY A GROUP OF LIZZIE BOYS--YOUNG MEN WHO LOVE TO IMITATE THE "YOBBOS' PARADISE" ERA OF THE LATE 20TH CENTURY!
SHE DON'T KNOW WHERE 'ER 'OME IS!
SHAME!
P'RAPS WE SHOULD TAKE 'ER 'OME WIV US, EH?
KINDLY GET OUT OF MY WAY.
DON'T GIVE US ORDERS, LOVE. WE DON'T LIKE BEIN' GIVEN ORDERS.
NAH. WE GIVES THE ORDERS ON THIS STREET.
LET GO OF ME YOU DIRTY RUFFIANS.
MISS WONDERFUL NO LONGER KNOWS SHE IS MISS WONDERFUL! CAN SHE SAVE HERSELF FROM THE BEASTLY LIZZIE BOYS? WHO IS THE BUNNY THAT HAUNTS THE MARGINS. COME TO THAT, WHO IS MISS WONDERFUL? NOT EVEN SHE KNOWS! BE HERE NEXT ISSUE TO FIND OUT AT LEAST SOME OF THE ANSWERS.
SAY, MAYBE I WAS WRONG ABOUT SOUND EFFECTS. I THINK THERE'S A BIG ONE COMING UP JUST ABOUT NOW.
DIRTY RUFFIANS ARE WE? I FINK WE BETTER TEACH THIS TOFFEE-NOSED FLIMSY A LESSON OR TWO.

Miss WONDERFUL
TAKE YOUR HATEFUL HANDS OFF ME, OR I SHALL.....
YEAH? WOT'll YER DO?
I SHALL SLAP YOUR FACE.
GARN THEN. SLAP ME FACE.
VERY WELL, I SHALL.
THIS'll BE GOOD!
SSLAP!
SHE..... SLAPPED..... ME.... FACE....
WOT A JELLY-BABY! KEELS OVER WHEN A FLIMSY SLAPS 'IM!
YOU WANT 'ER, OR SHALL I?
ST-STAY BACK I W-WARN YOU.
A MINUTE LATER.....
LOOK! UP IN THE SKY!
IS IT A BIRD?

IS IT A PLANE?
LOOKS MORE LIKE A FLYING YAHOO. LET US HAUL HIM IN WITH ONE OF MY EXPANDING BUBBLE - BEADS.
HOW DID YOU GET UP HERE?
YER'D NEVER BELIEVE ME, MISSIS.
IT IS A LONG WAY DOWN, YOUNG MAN.
AWRIGHT. I WAS CHUCKED UP 'ERE BY A FLIMSY.
BY A WHAT?
BY A GIRL.
COULD IT BE MISS WONDERFUL, MA'AM?
NO. SHE IS NOT THAT RUTHLESS. BUT IT MIGHT BE JUST WHAT WE ARE LOOKING FOR.
DON'T OFTEN GET 'ER SORTA GIRL 'ERE. WOT'S UP YOU RECKON?
RUNAWAY? I DUNNO. THAT'S THREE PIES SHE'S PUT AWAY NOW.
CAN'T SEE 'OW SHE DOES IT. TWO OF 'ER WOULDN'T MAKE A CANARY'S DINNER.
THANK YOU, I HAVE FINISHED NOW.
P'RAPS SHE'S EXTRA ENERGETIC OR SOMETHING.
OH DEAR. I DO NOT ACTUALLY HAVE ANY MONEY WITH ME.
RIGHT. THAT'll BE 'ALF A CROWN ALL TOLD, MISS.
NO MONEY! WOTCHOO DOIN' ORDERIN' 'ALF THE PIES IN THE 'OUSE WIVOUT NO MONEY?
BAKED POTATOES 6d
I FEAR I DO NOT NORMALLY THINK ABOUT MONEY.
WELL WE FINKS ABOUT MONEY. WE FINKS ABOUT IT ALL THE TIME. WE'RE A-GONNA CALL THE POLICE, WE ARE.

OH, NO ->SOB<- YOU MUST NOT DO THAT. I AM A GOOD GIRL. REALLY I AM.
AS IF FROM THE BLUE A GLAMOROUS FIGURE ARRIVES TO RESCUE THE DISTRESSED GIRL.
OF COURSE SHE IS. HERE IS YOUR MONEY, KEEP THE CHANGE.
BLIMEY, A SOV!
THANK YOU SO MUCH!
THINK NOTHING OF IT, MY CHILD. LET ME TAKE YOU HOME NOW. WHERE DO YOU LIVE?
YOU ARE VERY KIND, BUT I FEAR I DO NOT KNOW WHERE I LIVE. I SEEM TO HAVE LOST MY MEMORY
THEN YOU MUST STAY WITH ME FOR THE NIGHT AND TOMORROW WE SHALL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO FOR YOU.
BUT YOU ARE TOO KIND.
NOT AT ALL MY CHILD.
DON'T GO WITH HER KID. I WOULDN'T TRUST HER AS FAR AS I'D TRUST OL' BUGS IN A CARROT PATCH.
WHAT A CHARMING WAY TO TRAVEL. YOU MUST BE VERY RICH!
VERY. YOU WILL SEE MANY WONDERS TONIGHT, MY CHILD.
WHAT A WONDERFUL PLACE.
WATCH THIS
CAN YOU CATCH IT?
OF COURSE!
THAT GIANT BEAD WEIGHS MORE THAN THREE HUNDREDWEIGHT!
BREAK IT AND SEE WHAT YOU FIND INSIDE.
WHAT BEAUTIFUL BEADS. I HAVE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THEM.
THEY ARE YOURS MY CHILD
A STRONG MAN WITH A SLEDGE-HAMMER WOULD HAVE TAKEN ALL DAY TO BREAK THAT GIANT BEAD!
YOU ARE SO VERY KIND TO ME.

CAN YOU··· CAN YOU FLY, CHILD
FLY? OF COURSE NOT
ARE YOU SURE? HAVE YOU TRIED?
WELL ··· N··NO
WHY NOT TRY NOW, THEN ··· JUST FOR ME
IT IS REALLY NO GOOD. I DO NOT THINK I SHALL TAKE OFF.
NEVER MIND IT WAS JUST A THOUGHT
WHAT A GORGEOUS BEDROOM! HOW KIND YOU ARE TO ME! I SHALL NEVER BE ABLE TO REPAY YOU!
YOU WILL, MY DEAR. YOU CERTAINLY WILL.
I BET YOU WILL IF SHE HAS ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT. GET OUT OF THIS, KID! DO A FLIT! AAH WHAT'S THE USE. SHE CAN'T HEAR ME
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF HER, MA'AM?
SHE CLEARLY HAS POWERS AND ABILITIES FAR BEYOND THOSE OF ORDINARY MORTALS.
SHOULD WE MEET MISS WONDERFUL AGAIN, I FANCY THE OUTCOME MAY BE HIGHLY SATISFACTORY. IN THE MEANTIME, THIS CHILD IS GOING TO HELP US TO COMMIT THE CRIME OF THE DECADE!
LEATHER
WELL, TRVING THIS INTERRUPTION HAD BETTER BE IMPORTANT.
OH, IT IS SIR. YOU REMEMBER WHEN PAPSTAR WAS DESTROYED THAT WE ALL THOUGHT AN ARMY MISSILE HAD REACHED HER.
INDEED
WELL, WE HAVE JUST RECOVERED THE WRECKAGE OF ONE OF THE ROBOT-SHIPS WHICH WERE GUARDING THE SATELLITE. THE ON-BOARD CAMERAS WERE INTACT. LOOK AT THIS.
WHY THAT IS THE SO-CALLED BLONDE BOMBSHELL THE FLYING GIRL WHO ACTED AS THE OLD MAN'S BODYGUARD IN THE SANTA CLAUS AFFAIR.
SO. THIS IS MORE THAN COINCIDENCE. IT IS CLEAR THAT SHE IS IN THE EMPLOY OF OUR OPPONENTS.
PUT OUT A CONTRACT. TEN THOUSAND POUNDS TO THE MAN WHO BRINGS ME THE CORPSE OF THE BLONDE BOMBSHELL!
TEN THOUSAND POUNDS! THAT'S ENOUGH TO BUY A SMALL COUNTRY THESE DAYS! IF ONLY I COULD WARN HER SOMEHOW!
WILL MISS WONDERFUL BE TRAPPED INTO A LIFE OF CRIME OR WILL THE MOB END HER LIFE ALTOGETHER? HOW CAN SHE DEFEND HERSELF WHEN SHE DOES NOT EVEN KNOW WHO SHE IS? DON'T MISS THE NEXT EXCITING EPISODE OF MISS WONDERFUL!